
THE PEOPLE WITH WHOM WE LIVE There Is No Other Place Where the Brutality of Humanity Looms Up as It Does in the Family Circle. **By DOROTHY DIX**

In view of the mighty tragedies of existence, the heart wall of this poor man, who only yearns to be treated at home with common civility, is almost grotesquely amusing at first sight; but, when you take a second glance at it, it is heartbreakingly pathetic.

For he voices the sufferings of the complaining millions who have to live a life that is all rough edges; who have to endure the daily companionship of people who, in their intercourse with each other disdains to smooth anything down by using the salve of politeness and the oil of

Brutality in the Family Circle

Searchlight on Every Weakness

Who does not know what it is to suffer from family criticism—that relentless candor that searches out your every weakness and turns a searchlight upon it? Other people do not feel called upon to tell you that your hat is too young for you, and that you needn't try to look thirty-five when you are all forty, and that your complexion is too pallid to wear pink, and that anybody who is as fat as you are looks like a feather bed. In an emerald

[illegible]

BEFFORE Stribling got married Mrs. Snapper told him she had no idea of interfering with his domestic affairs. "I hope I always have realized that young people must find out for themselves what is best for them, and settle their own differences without the help of any third person," she said. "When you marry Bessie I can't help being your mother-in-law, but I'm not going to be the kind of mother-in-law that you read about in the funny papers."

"It isn't necessary for you to tell me that," said Stridling, smiling.

Wanted to Declare Himself

"Well, that's all," said Mrs. Sanapez. "Now you know what you're got to expect. I've declared myself and that's what I wanted to do. Bessie will be down in a few minutes."

Scrimbling married Bessie about a month after that interview, and he was not loath

in discovering that Mrs. Sanaper was living up to the letter and spirit of

Became Her Warm Champion
If anyone wanted to stir Stribling up he had only to speak slightlyingly of mother-in-law, even in general terms.
"It makes me weary to hear a man who pretends to rudimentary sense and decency talking that way," Stribling would say, "I tell you that the man can have a greater blessing than a mother-in-law of the right kind."

kind, and they're generally of the kind, let me tell you. I don't know if you can get along without mine."

Economy Cookbook

Indexed Blankbook Given

Address all recipes to the Economy Cookbook Editor, Boston American, No. 80 State St., Boston, Mass.

mer street, Boston.

this mixture until it thickens and
 smooth, stirring all the time, as it bubbles
 easily; then add vegetables and cook until
 well heated through.

MRS. HATTIE EDMONDS
 Unity, Me.

PATTY CAKES

ONE cup of milk, one cup of sugar,
 egg, half cup of currants, half teasp

soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar

The family inquisition
Only members of your family do r
at.
Who has not suffered from family plain
neaking—that awful pitiless nattering of d

HE is absolutely perfect. Billy gave the desired promise with no ride in the machine when she comes. Billy," said Billy's younger all of martyrdom. He kept his word be- for we ought to be nice to her even th

Expert Advice on Health and Beauty
BY THE PROFESSOR

His Name Was Tricksey

"And Irving. Hello, Irving! What have you in your arm? A wrenchcock? Poo! That's not a dog! Is he? Asst gave you as a reward for good attendance at school? I won't let your assst impore on you, my boy. She gave you that pup because she wanted to get even with you."

"That's what I say," sighed Mrs. Brock. "Of all the things to give our boy, and to drink the dog, he got a wrenchcock!"

"I am a man twenty-eight years old and I don't know anything, but I have a little dog," said the little boy, and he

only way I know to stop smoking
is just to stop. Nobody can do it for
You know by the signals that it is
ring you and all you have to do is to

"Such a time we have had finding you.
Nobody seemed to know you at all."
"Irving, where are you going? Well,
don't let the dog get lost."
"The conductor took us eight blocks past
your station in the city now," Mrs. Mullins,
"No; she and her husband are in
East. Irving, tell Mrs. Mullins you
sorry you allowed Trickie to chase
chickens."

[illegible]

you will have pimples just as long as your blood is trying to eliminate whatever here in the breeze and have a cosy chat. I am."

Who has not suffered from the perpetual family story-telling? In every family there is one Ancient Mariner, who fixes you with his glittering eye and tells over the same old stories, until one wonders that suicide is as rare as it is, or that half of the population is not languishing in jail, charged with parricide, or matricide, or fratricide.

Who has not suffered from the family

up and tells you over again the things you have already read in the daily paper, or the jokes in the comic paper?

All of us, like St. Paul, have suffered these things in our own person at the hands of our family, and it exists now

"what" for every move.

curiously—that vulgar prying into your private affairs for which there is no excuse, but that demands to read every letter, to have itemized account of every

These magic words are: "Thank you." "That is very kind of you." "I beg your pardon." "I see that I am wrong."

DOROTHY DIX.

The Girl Who Is a Man-Chaser Defeats Her Own Ends

"Way, you wrote her the other day that you would not be there for Sunday—that you had an engagement."

"I knew I did," with a boyish laugh, "but I was sure she would never want me then. Now I know she does."

"You are sure?"

"I will think it a very queer thing if you change your mind so suddenly. Any girl who would break off an engagement has to go just because she has written."

"I have not written," said the girl fully. "My only difficulty is that I don't exactly see how I am going to manage it."

I felt like taking the girl by the shoulders and saying: "My dear, don't you see that he does not want to stay? Why will you run after him so?"

The leather coat should be of severe cut and finish, with simple roundings and straight pockets, but it may be luxuriously lined with silk or fur, if one prefers it so. The trousers or skirt, if made of leather, are all made up in leather, and for motor-cars, a cap and robe of the same leather are often furnished by the Parisian designers.

Money-Savers for Thrifty Shoppers Selected by an Expert

TO MORROW AT A. SHULTZERS' stock of short lengths of the most desirable merchandise, in Panama, worsted

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tuckings.

Synopsis

Plea

Demand Satisfaction

A Story of Love, Intrigue and Mystery

...It already. Inspector Black

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**"THE
AMERICAN**

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...and the fact that the...
...and the fact that the...

NATIONAL LEAGUE

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THE BOSTON AMERICAN ISN'T HE THE SLY DOG?

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1908

PLANTS SEE, FEEL AND REMEMBER

Do You Laugh at That? Why?

The younger Darwin declares that the plants, trees, flowers, bushes, herbs and weeds have actually a memory, and can develop habits as animals develop them.

Following the statement by Mr. Darwin comes the statement of Professor Wager that plants have an organism like that of the brain in animals, and that they have eyes with which they can see, and see well.

These statements have been treated humorously by many, more given to laughter than to thought, according to our American fashion. What is there humorous in such statements? Are there not great dignity and beauty of the fig tree? Have you in winter time seen a group of green pines standing alone on a hill, the lower branches heavy with snow, the top branches bare, bending and whispering in the cold winter wind? If you stand among these trees and look up, listening to their rustling talk, can you help feeling that they are individuals, expressing with dignity life and beauty and truth?

In there not in one of those gigantic western trees, standing for thousands of years pointing to all parts of the Universe, with the earth's slow motion, a dignity, a PERSONALITY, equal to that of some little ranting human being sporting and capering for a moment and disappearing?

They say that it would be dreadful and cruel to think of the plants being able to see and to understand, however dimly. You cannot perhaps conceive it possible for an American beauty to stand erect, happy in its pride and strength, and see the weed pulled up, dying at its feet.

Why not? Doesn't the American beauty millionaire stand erect, happy and proud, and without any special sorrow or trouble, watch the dying human weeds at his feet?

You feel sorry, perhaps, for the waving grain that sees the mower slowly come, cutting off the field.

But what about us, what about humanity? Are we not a standing field of grain with the moving machine going back and forth among us always? Doesn't every one of us see ahead the day when he will be cut down? Are not the children and the poor destroyed untimely, uselessly, pulled up and scattered? We stand that WELL.

Men, not plants, were referred to in the words, "Which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not."

We humans feel sure that the sight of the plants, if they have ANY sight, must be very dim and feeble. We think that their understanding must be very limited, practically worthless.

We would say in our comic human pride, "Why, the plants do not even know that we human beings exist. They do not appreciate US."

"What does their understanding amount to?"

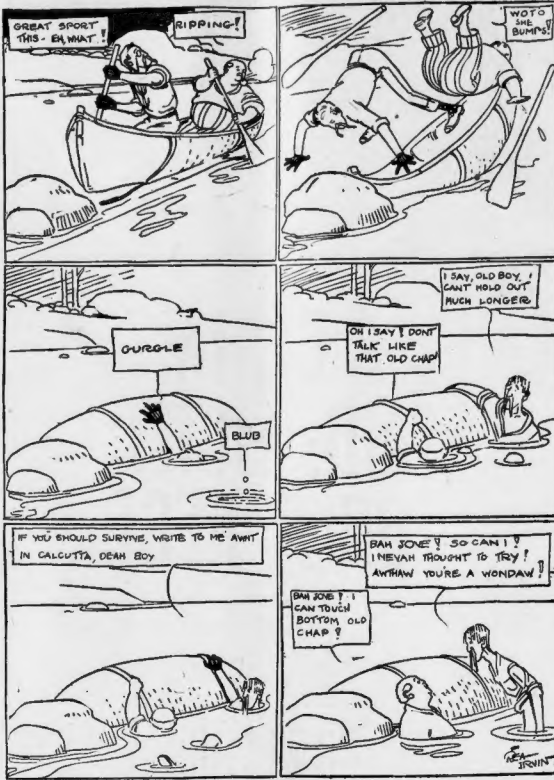
Well, what does our HUMAN understanding or our HUMAN sight amount to? Do we see the great and wonderful truths in this wonderful Universe? Are our eyes open to the actual beauty of the infinite worlds, the infinite space and power in which we are a tiny part?

Would one of the really great spirits in the Universe, one with sight and mind grasping the whole, see such a great difference between one of us and a little piece of dust-covered pigweed by the roadside?

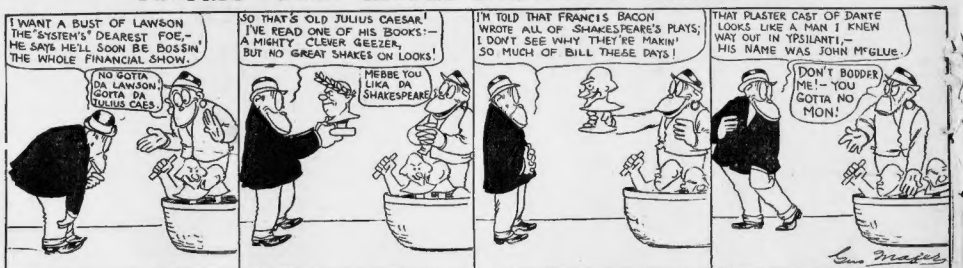
In every living organism there is thought, sight and feeling, the struggling toward the light and toward the truth. And we vain little creatures, little human fungus on this little insignificant earth, vain of our understanding, confident that our sight is the REAL sight, we are only wretched, little human infusoria, little primitive beginnings, poor little collections of fat, meat, blood, bone, muscle, hair, teeth, nails and combs.

One of the really great spirits of the Universe would be as amazed to hear that WE talk and think as we are to hear of the plants being able to see, hear and remember.

Francis Darwin, son of the great man who wrote "The Origin of Species" and lifted the minds of millions from childish guessing to serious thought and study, offers to the world a theory backed by facts as interesting as the teachings of his father.



RHYMO THE MONK INSPECTS CASTS.



OH, SAY, WHAT'S THE USE?



The Ideal Society

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

(Mrs. Astor says that in our exclusive society politicians, Senators, authors and millionaires should all meet on terms of equality.)

HO! for the days when our august society
No more shall be cursed by exclusion.
When men with the goods, of all sorts and variety,
Shall mingle in gladness profound;
When Butler, of Texas, shall lead the column—
A real Senatorial virtue—
And Gates, looking on, bet a couple of millions
That Archbold sits next him at dinner.

IF Senators, Wardmen and great politicians
With Captains of Money could dine,
And live to sharing, polite propensities,
While nibbling at waffles and wine;
If offers were made, very prudent and tentative,
While the lights cast a glow through the hall,
From a Standard Oil man to a state Representative;
Why need to write letters at all?

The Local Newspaper

(FROM THE MEDFORD MERCURY)

ON another page of the Mercury is re-dressed, instead of being subservient to those printed a printed editorial from the BOSTON AMERICAN's editorial "Adversity in Local Newspapers."

While the Mercury does not agree with the attitude of the BOSTON AMERICAN, it can on no public questions or towards some public personages, it welcomes the independence and courage that pervade its columns.

If more newspapers would show the same fearlessness in attacking the abuses of certain great corporations and in exposing corporate or political wrongs, doing what the BOSTON AMERICAN public defence and good government."

The Poverty of Unbelief

No Life Is More Empty Than His Who Lacks Faith in an Existence Beyond the Grave

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

1 You are on the sunny side of middle age and have no religious belief, let me tell you of the poverty of your life. The subject of life after death.

It has been my morbid experience the last four years to be often thrown with old people who have reached more than three-score years and yet without any faith in future existence.

Both have a tedious hold on this life, and both have been people of marked intellectual power. Both are enjoying all that money, tender care and good reputation can bestow of happiness and both are as utterly miserable beings as can well be described.

One is a woman, and her failing mind torments constantly and repeatedly to departed times and people. She bewails the loss of her youthful powers and charms, and speaks of dead friends as though gone forever.

Old Age to Be Pitied HER reasoning faculties are impaired, her memory unreliable, and it is too late for her to supply herself in the investigations which would prove the great truth of immortality. And without any definite idea of a life beyond the grave, she sits through restless days and waits for death as a relief from the monotony of old age.

The man, who is younger in years but possessed of less physical vigor than the woman, dwells upon his past failures, and grows bitter and rebellious at his present condition. He is impatient in the march of progress today, his body and mind can do more good with business of "this" world, than he is willing to do in the next.

He is impatient to see the world, and grows bitter and rebellious at his present condition. He is impatient in the march of progress today, his body and mind can do more good with business of "this" world, than he is willing to do in the next.

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